The Centurion

Price 25c
Give to Dan or Bob next time you see them.
Liquor or cigarettes accepted in lieu of cash.

Vol. 2, No. 4 | VICTORIA COLLEGE | Friday, February 8, 1963

Editorial . . .

The Phoenix, a mythological beast, was said to rise again from the ashes of its own destruction. Make this creature a masochistic pyromanic and you got the Centurion. For, despite all our efforts to wash our hands of the whole sordid business and devote our undivided attention to a project much closer to our hearts (a home for unwed fathers), some idiot infracaniophile forever succeeds in resurrecting this bomb. In this case the Student Council was the culprit, magnanimously disgorging that vast sum $39.50 out of your grossly misused A.M.S. funds to compel us to continue. In short, the unwarranted rumours spawned earlier by one Tony Else (who we have long suspected to be a member of C - - - - t Party) in his insidious chronicle are completely unfounded. The Centurion is not dead. You can't kill an idea. No, it lives on in the minds and in the hearts and in the trash-buckets of the University. Come to think of it, I have a sudden cold suspicion that it was a rather machiavellian machination of the Student Council to perpetuate us. With the Martlet in their hip-pocket they **do** need a token resistance to satisfy the masses. HA! just for that, Council, I'm gonna haveta ask for your collective resignation, along with that of Tony Else. What's more, I wanna see all of you in my office first thing tomorrow morning. And bring Frank Came along with you. That ruse of his in the Critic didn't fool us one bit. We think he's in cahoots with you in your diabolical plot. Courage, Students! It may look dark, but the Centurion will always lead you in the battle. We will fight them on the beaches, we will fight them in the air, we will fight. . .

DANIEL.

... BOFFS ...

Father knocking at door of boarding house.
"Does Bob Chamut live here?"
Voice from inside:
"Yeah . . . just lay him on the couch."

She: "Where's your chivalry?"
He: "I turned it in for a Buick."

Angry father: "What do you mean by getting my daughter home at this hour?"
"Had to - - got a lecture at eight-thirty."

"I cured my child of biting his nails."
"Oh yes, how?"
"I kicked his teeth out."

A man came into my agent's office the other day and proudly announced:
"I'm a terrific act. You got to book me. I'm a dwarf."
"A dwarf?" said my agent. "My God, you're five feet ten."
"That's it," said the guy excitedly. "I'm the tallest damn dwarf in the world."

CENTURION VALENTINE CARD

Your nose is red
Because you drink;
Your eyes are black,
And boy! 'you stink . . .
Now get outa here
And leave me alone!

To _____

From _____

PHILOSOPHY

"A mind stretched by a new idea can never return to its original dimensions." Captain Bowdler.

As the discerning reader has doubtless perceived, the Centurion, apart from minor excursions to the nasal region, is perpetually at great pains to keep its thumb on the pulse of college life in its every aspect. The following, an essay on modern philosophy, prolongs this tradition, while embodying the results of a special survey, conducted here at the institute, among the intellectual aristocracy of the nation. Insofar as philosophical speculation represents not only the last surviving frontier, but in this case, also the prevailing ethical standards and moral motivations which will prove the final arbiter directing and impelling the actions of these, the foremost minds of our times, when these assume their active gubernatorial role at the helm of this, our great ship of state, we need hardly dialate upon the importance and weighty significance of this article.

Here then, procured from Mrs. Norris' Gastronomical Emporium, are a few bold credos gleaned from the ponderous pronouncements of these prominant personalities and potential planetary potentates!

First let us state that existentialism, logical positivism, emperical phenomenology, etc., while yet finding proselytes in numerous academic circles, are "old hat" (if we may be permitted the liberty of indulging in colloquial vernacular for the sake of brevity) here at Victoria College. In all modesty, we may truthfully say that our campus literally bristles with dymanic new ideas.

Michiel Horn, Arts IV

"I am a rule-utilitarian modificationalist. In short, that is I believe man is the measure of all things." (Protagoras — of Abdera, that is — enunciated a similar dictum some 2300 years ago, but we feel Mr. Horn has clarified this point admirably, in as much as he stated it in English.) Later, however, Mr. Horn confessed to a certain penchant towards bureaucratic anarchism.

You wouldn't hit a guy with glasses, would ya?

Julian Reid, Arts V

"I'm a evolutionary humanist, what ever that means. That is, I believe the human race is continually evolving.

"Toward what?

"I don't know.

"Nobody does.

"Oh my god!"

We should add that Mr. Reid reserves the right to change his mind.

James Andrews, Arts IXL

"I am a constuctive nihilist." Our request for an elaboration on this term met with only a malordorous snort, and the curt remark that there was to be a meeting of it's adherents this very night.

"A nihilist meeting?" We queried.

"Ya! It's a test. If ya go, you're bounced!"

Robert Bell, Vanguard III

"I'm a bi-weekly absenteeist."

"Oh? And could you elucidate this particular concept?" We asked.

"Sure! Twice a week I blow the place!" he replied, doffing a cigarette ash in our coffee.

As to whether this constitutes a moral philosophy or not, we are in some doubt, but Mr. Bell's German professor gave convincing testimony to the ardor with which he follows his code.

Leslie Millin, Vol. IV

"I'm a neministic nationalist." (Or was it "rationalist" . . . Mr. Millin had a mouthfull of pie at the time. Lemon merange, we believe.)

Horace Mayea, Louis XIV

"I'm a pick-pocket . . ."

At this point we decided to abandon our research and made a bee-line for the Snug.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sirs:

I hope you contributed to the current Blood Drive. After all, you're the biggest bloody drips I know.

Patsy Flynn.

Dear Sirs:

I see no other course of action but to ask for your resignations.

Frank Came.

Dear Sirs:

Poke it in your nose.

The Phantom.

Status Symbols

THE HANGOVER

Hey there, bunky, you say you woke up? . . . and that was your first mistake? . . . you say you're lying there with your eyes stuck closed? And you're not sure whether you're on your back or your stomach? . . . and you can't remember if it was a party or just a bad dream? . . and you fight to open one eye? . . and you're still not sure whether you're on your back or your stomach? . . . and there is only one thing on earth that could get you up? . . . and that thing says "NOW"? . . . is that what's troubling you, bunky?

And you crawl out of the sack? . . . and you gotta hold your head up straight? . . . so's not to spill your brains? . . . and you're wearing baby doll pyjamas? . . . and your name's Frank? . . . you look in the mirror? . . . and it looks like Picasso in his Black and Blue period? . . . you can remember doing the Twist? . . . and now one leg's shorter than the other? . . . and the knee on the long leg won't bend? . . . and you just stepped on a beer cap? . . . crown up? . . . bare feet? . . . and the cat's stamping his feet around the house? . . . and you got pink eye? . . and you had to take off your wristwatch because you couldn't stand the racket? . . . and by the time you finished shaving your tongue the dog's in your bed? . . . a German Shepherd? . . . and you don't own one? . . . and he's got a mouth like a cannon? . . . is THAT what's bugging you, bunky?

You say you found a suicide note? . . . and there's a foot sticking out of the deepfreeze? . . . and you found a big dragon tattooed on your stomach? . . . with big green eyes? . . . and your teeth itch? . . . and your hair hurts? . . . and there's somebody in the spare bed? . . . and she looks about fifteen? . . . and a cop car just pulled up? . . . and a man and a woman in the back seat are pointing at your house? . . . and your stomach feels like a vat of acid? . . . and you got a broken finger? . . . and the guy on the phone will sell you the negatives for ten bucks? . . . and your mouth feels like the bottom of a bird cage? . . . and you can't find a cigarette? . . AND SHE LOOKS FIFTEEN??!! . . . and they're pounding on the door? . . . and somebody's cigar-butt burned a hole in the floor? . . . and you almost fell into the basement? . . . and your neck won't turn? . . . AND THE COP SAYS SHE'S TWELVE??!! . . . is THAT what's eating you, bunky?

Hey, well look, we're having a little "get-together" tonight . . . nothing much, just a couple of boxes of suds . . . why don't you grab a snuggie and come on over?

Remember — make that "one for the road" . . . BOOZE! !

Heard on the beach:

"My goodness, isn't that Fanny Brown, over there?"

CIVIC ARCHIVES

KINEMA '02

presents the foreign film

The Virgin Strawberry

By the renowned Bulgarian director: Ingmar Schnitzel.

In glorious black and white — subtitles in Indus Cuniform Starring: Joe Bftsplk, Oberon, Boris Karloff, Helen Lukas and Rin Tin Tin.

With the entire population of Catalonia as extras, filmed in its entirety in Tierra Del Fuego.

(Open with dramatic close-up of huge pocket watch. The credits come later. The watch has no numerals, but three hands, one of which is moving rapidly in the opposite direction to the other two. Track away from watch until it is seen to be in the hand of an old woman who is wearing a mask with no features. She breaks the hands off the watch, throws them away, and tucks the watch in her stocking top. With both hands, then takes off the mask. Underneath, she has no features. She topples over and dissolves. A tree grows on the place where she has fallen. Dr. Kraaak and his son, Jacques Kraaak enter and stand under the tree. A blonde walks past. She has no features.)

Dr. K.: Ai que guapa.

J. K.: Es mucho jamon para dos huevos.

Dr. K.: Si, pero sirve.

Continued on page 12.

See? I told ya I can stand on my head!

The Barflet

EXTRA SPECIAL EDITION

Off-On Volume | Victoria College | February 1, 1984

COLLEGE CANS CRUDDY

TOILET PROBLEM?

A thorough investigation has been launched into the toilets at Victoria College With their customary diligence and fervor, your loyal Barflet editors, Tony and Elery, have taken it upon themselves to delve into this sticky problem, and have come up with some very interesting finds.

The most important find was that nine out of the fourteen comfort stations were discovered to be occupied. Interesting eh whot? But this deterred our Tony and Elery not a jot.

Of the nine. two were being occupied by man-about-campus, Loin Priethtly, and the adjoining two by a circle of personal photographers imported from Finocchio's. (see cut)

The remaining five were found to be crammed with a bevy of assiduous amanuenses rapidly copying murals and inscriptions from the walls, pursuant to cooking up another Harlot sheet for your lovely paper. Their ardor is certainly to be commended, but perhaps may be considered somewhat superfluous in as much as the Harlot is now nothing more than a fusty old chronicle compared to your truly inspired gazette, the one and only Barflet.

The Pest Bores

The Pest is a controversial figure; of this fact there is little doubt.

The Pest is **Celery Piddleton,** for those of you who don't already know. **The Pest** is**NFCUS Chairman** of the Student Council. The **bold face** words used in this article are a **device.** They are used to **indicate propaganda.** We got the idea from **Joe Wieder's Muscle Power Magazine.**

The Pest's success has come from his many **remarkable achievements** in performing a lot of **wonderful services.** These services include many **good jobs well done.** Not the leastof which are many **admirable endeavours** completed as part of his **remarkable achievements.**

In short. **Celery Piddleton** does a **good deed every day.**

Let's have a booming ovation for our friend and **busy little worker,** Lorne, un . . . Alf . . . er, ah . . . Wilson . . . um, ah . . . who the hell were we talking about, anyway?

EDITORIAL . . .

There is an air of hostility towards the Student council. Why? The reasons are perfectly clear. Besides those, however, are the following:

Firstly, there is a small, friendly, cohesive clique residing in a small office. Some would call it a clique. Others; a clump. The solution to this is simple. Treble the number, include Joe Podovinikoff, Haile Selassie and the Dalai Lama, let them go at it in a bus terminal, and ask everybody not to call it a clique (or clump).

Secondly, the council has a degree of power and infiuence not possessed by any other single group on campus. Naturally this is resented. (The myth that is the power of the students being exercised by elected representatives being patently obvious.) The solution is easy. Relieve them of this embarrasing possession by giving it to one man. Surely Alf is the man to assume this overpowering burden — and the antipathy concommitant with it. (Gawd, what a bitter pill — he hasn't won any popularity polls lately, anyhow.)

Thirdly, the Student Council is all too accessible. The concept that accsiblity is prerequisite to representative government being ridiculous.) Watch the situation improve when the council moves to the Student Union Buildng. Watch it improve even more when we ship the whole bloddy clique to Bangkok.

Fourthly, council was inadvertently embroiled in an election brawl early this year, and the stigma still adheres. (Naturally, nobody can be held truly responsible for an inadvertent action. By the by, what ever happened to Eichmann?) Solution . . . obvious! Liquidate all witnesses, alter past news articles, and have the Ministry of Truth eliminate all words such as: election, brawl, embroil, Mal Potts, bias, rigged, democracy . . . from Newspeak (for they are doubleplus-ungood).

The council's composed of unusual (I'll buy that) individuals. The personalities of some are very controversial (controverthial ath can be), some explosive, some rigid, some passive, some stupid, some warped, (some nerve, I'd say). No-one wants a faceless council. Look how lucky we are. We have no problems in this respect . . . ours is two-faced.